

# The TAILOR

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and BYSTANDER

London  
December 3, 1947

ROYAL WEDDING NUMBER

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YOU FELLOWS HEARD  
THAT SCHWEPPE'S IS  
COMING BACK SOON?

YES,  
AND I KNOW  
THE DATE!

DAVID  
LANGDON

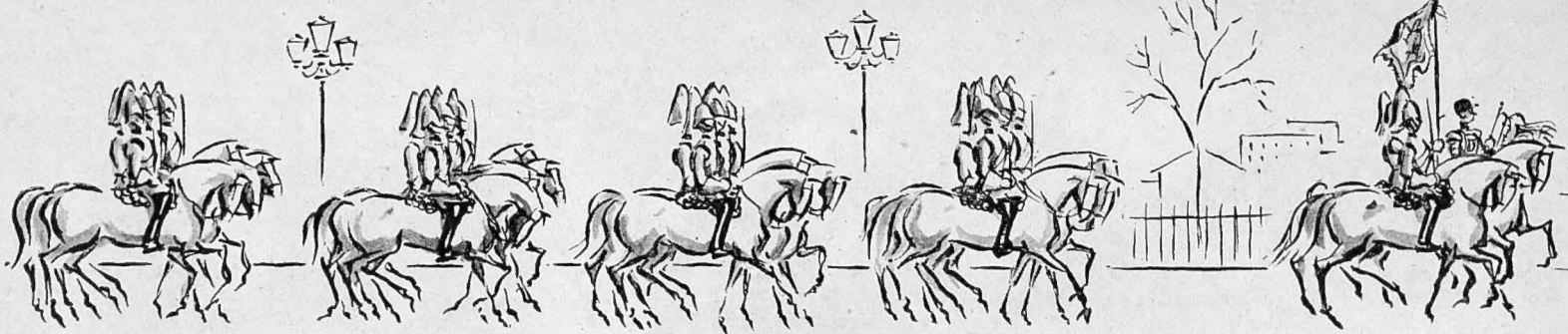


THE  
TATLER  
and  
BYSTANDER



MARRIED : HONEYMOON BEGINS  
AT WINCHESTER





**W**HEN such a wedding as this is over, when the Royal bride and her groom have finally reached the haven of their honeymoon home and the capital has slipped back into the ordinary everyday run of things, it is time (as now) to reflect upon the great event and here disentangle the main from the subsidiary impressions.

**F**IRST, the two people most closely concerned: Elizabeth has never looked more lovely. There was, as we watched her slowly (so very, very slowly) approach the high altar, a radiance about her which was as clear and apparent as the sun in the heavens. Not all her nervousness—and she was very nervous—could dim it. One sees a great many brides during a lifetime. Here was the most obviously happy one I have seen.

This was the greatest day of her young, full and strenuous life. This held within it none of the seeds of the cares of State—although the panoply of State was full about her—nor had it to do with any other such matters. This was her day upon which she would now be married to the man of her free choice for no other reason than that implicit in her love for him.

All this was in her bearing, her shining eyes and the half-smile which parted her lips.

Can one hear a sigh when a vast Abbey is filled with the rolling of a hymn from organ and choir? "Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven" was being played and sung as Elizabeth came up the nave. Yet I heard a sigh, a gentle sigh from many people which began as she entered and did not cease until she halted at the sanctuary steps.

It was the tribute of older persons to the glorious picture she made, an ageless tribute to youth and beauty and innocence.

**A**s to Philip: he was the coolest man in the building, that I declare. No single sign of nerves showed itself at any time whatsoever. He slipped into the Abbey by way of Poets' Corner with his groomsmen, Lord Milford Haven, fifteen minutes or so after the first of the principal guests had arrived, and because their attention was otherwise distracted by a tremendous cheering from without, very few, I fancy, noticed him; which was indeed in the tradition of weddings as every groom well knows.

All through the service and thereafter there was no hesitation, no fumbling on his part. He was attentive to Elizabeth to a degree, for her nervousness was apparent to him, and he steadily sought to give her aid and comfort. These little acts came from the heart, and they were very good to look upon.

## "...To Love,

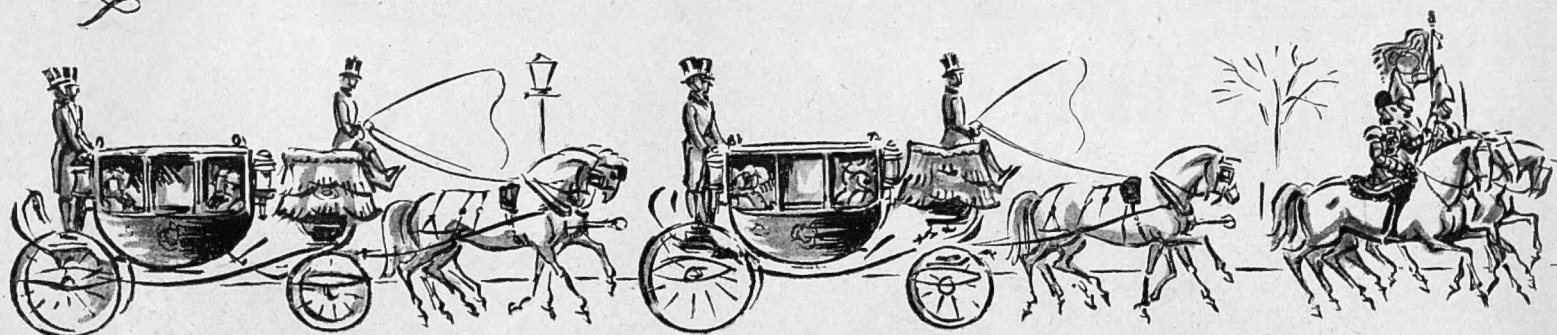
**I** WISH now to say a word or two about the King and Queen who were royal graciousness itself, but who yet remained the anxious parents of their eldest daughter now leaving them to join her life with that of the man of her choice. Nothing moved me more than the simple gesture of His Majesty when the Archbishop of Canterbury asked "Who giveth this woman?" He reached across, took Elizabeth's right hand, looked full at Philip, and then relinquished it to the young man.

After the plighting of the troth, the pronouncement of marriage and the Archbishop's blessing, there came another of those incidents, tiny in themselves but deeply touching: the two pages were in difficulty with the train which their small hands had somehow entangled. The King, moving back to his place beside the Queen, saw instantly where the trouble lay, stooped and put it right. One might ask what is unusual about that, for it is what any father would do in such circumstances: here precisely is the point, and we shall come to it again.

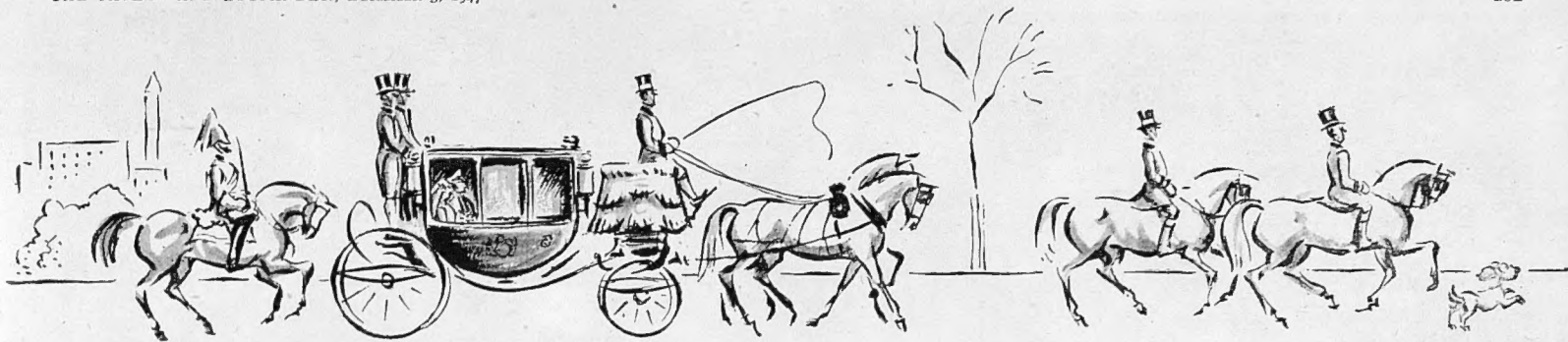
All this time the Queen had been watching. The smile she gave the King (and which he returned with the appropriate answer) when they were standing together again seemed to me to say, "They've done very well. Isn't it splendid?"

**A**t this point it seems proper that I make reference to Dr. Garbett's address to Elizabeth and Philip, for again the key-note to which I have referred was struck. He said: "In the presence of this congregation and in the hearing of an invisible audience in all parts of the world you have now become man and wife. Never before has a wedding been followed with such intense interest by so many, and this has not been merely passive; it has been accompanied by the heartfelt prayer and good wishes of millions and hope that throughout your married life you may have every happiness and joy. One of you, the daughter of our much loved King and Queen, has gained already by charm and simple grace the affection of all; and the other, as a sailor, has a sure place in the hearts of a people who know how much they owe to the strong shield of the Royal Navy.

"Notwithstanding the splendour and national significance of the service in this Abbey, it is in all essentials exactly the same as it would be for any cottager who might be married this afternoon in some small country church in a remote village in the Dales. The same vows are taken;







## Cherish and to Obey..."

the same prayers are offered; and the same blessings are given. Everywhere and always this service is built round the taking of vows and the receiving of a blessing.

"The vow was taken by each of you separately and individually, when before God and man you made a solemn promise that come what may, for better or for worse, in sickness or in health, you will always be true and faithful to one another 'until death do you part.'

"You have made this great promise willingly and gladly because you have given yourselves to each other in unselfish love. Love must always be unselfish, and unselfishness is the true secret of a happy married life. It must show itself not only in great moments of heroic self-sacrifice, but day by day in all the small problems and incidents of everyday life. It means thoughtfulness and patience; ready sympathy and forbearance; talking over and sharing together the special interests and cares which each of you will have.

"And thus you will learn to bear one another's burdens as you walk on the road of life, making the journey together with happiness and hope. Through this unselfishness, while you are helping each other and are together in your own home, you will be able to make your home an oasis of peace and quiet in the midst of a life which is certain to be crowded with public duties and which will often be interrupted by exacting claims upon your time. A happy and unselfish home life of your own will enable you to enter more readily into the joys and sorrows of a people who have a deep and instinctive love for their homes."

THE simplicity and earnestness of these words, the parallel between the Abbey service and that in a country church, were in no wise lost upon those present. Of my own knowledge I know that Philip's outstanding characteristic is his deep and sincere love of home and home life. In this he is, perhaps, like a great many men who sail the deep waters. Nevertheless, with him it is a passionate belief which I am bound to say I find in all too few men of his age; thus Dr. Garbett's address will have held for him a very special significance. And this also I believe to be true of his bride.

I must now mention one more incident which remains clearly and steadily in my recollection. After the register had been signed (in the Confessor's Shrine behind the altar) the Royal Family led by the Queen came out and took up the places they had previously held.

Last came the bridal pair, now walking hand in hand, and as they passed Queen Mary paid that wonderful royal lady reverence with a curtsy and a deep bow. It seemed to me so just, so proper, so completely in the family tradition as to set the seal upon all that had gone before in the years when these two were unborn, while they were children, in their courtship days, and on this day when now they were man and wife. The nation's affection for the Queen Mother grows with every passing day; it was good to see it matched by Elizabeth and Philip.

WHAT now of the scores of thousands who massed along the routes from Buckingham Palace to the Abbey?

Put upon by the sharp austerity of the times and for years starved of the historical colour and pageantry which is an integral part of the life of Britain, they were now to see the brilliant climax of the royal romance which they had already endorsed and applauded. Thus, before dawn they were already filling the spaces, and hourly their numbers swelled until at the appointed hour they formed an immense, a breath-taking mass of cheering, clapping, craning and waving humanity.

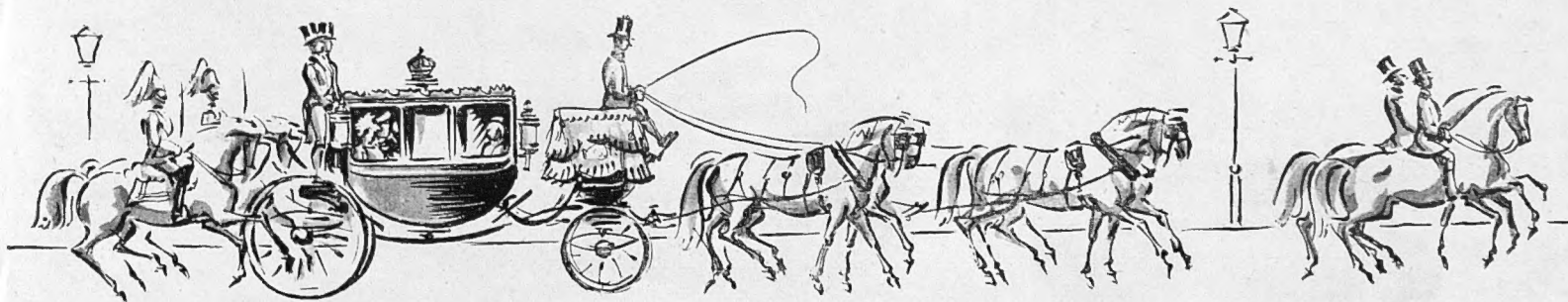
None who was in the procession can have doubted the sincerity of the welcome put forth, many may have been astonished at its warmth; all must have been deeply touched.

There is, let us understand, something about these congregations of the people of this land on such occasions which is both humbling and inspiring. They are good humoured, they are orderly and they are thoughtful for the old and the very young. They take a human, wholesome delight in the spectacle unfolded and instinctive in each is an appreciation of the tradition which inspires it.

I have seen many of these and similar affairs in this country and abroad, and I have heard how they were greeted by the onlookers. With this in mind I know of no moment of greater enthusiasm than when the Irish Coach in which sat the King and Princess Elizabeth swept up to the Abbey. It was breath-taking.

WHAT now remains to be said? This only I think: To H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh the readers of this journal and all associated with its production wish long life and all happiness. May they prosper.

**Sean Fielding**







*Princess Elizabeth and her husband waving their final greeting to the cheering crowds*

## HAPPINESS WAS THE KEYNOTE



*The bridegroom's mother, Princess Andrew of Greece (holding handbag) and five of the bridesmaids, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone and Lady Pamela Mountbatten waiting to wave farewell to the Princess and the Duke as they left for Waterloo on their journey to Romsey*





"In flow'r of youth  
and beauty's pride."







**BIG BEN IS SHOWING THE HOUR** as Princess Elizabeth and the King, in the Irish Coach, drive out of Parliament Square towards the Abbey, followed by their Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavalry





**The Royalty of Europe.** The bride and bridegroom and the Royal family with members of the bridegroom's family and many Royal guests. The group includes Prince George of Denmark, Princess George of Greece, King Peter of Yugoslavia, Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, Earl Mountbatten of Burma, the Count of Barcelona, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, King Haakon of Norway, Prince George of Greece, Prince René of Bourbon-Parma, Queen Victoria of Spain, the King of Denmark, King Michael of Rumania, Prince Michel of Bourbon-Parma, Princess Elizabeth of Luxemburg, Prince John of Luxemburg, Princess Eugénie of Greece, the Duchess of Aosta, the Crown Princess of Sweden, Queen Ingrid of Denmark, Queen Mary, the Queen of the Hellenes, the Marquess of Milford Haven, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands, the Duchess of Kent, Countess Mountbatten, Princess Andrew of Greece, Princess Margaret, Prince William, Prince Michael, Princess Alexandra, the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess René of Bourbon-Parma, Princess Marie Louise, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Princess Helena Victoria, and Prince Richard

*Jennifer tells*

## THE WEDDING STORY

THE marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. the Duke of Edinburgh, R.N., in Westminster Abbey was, to me, impressive not only in the wonderful setting in the Abbey, but also by the simple sincerity of the whole service, the beautiful music chosen by the bride, and the true love and happiness which so obviously radiated from the bride and bridegroom.

The setting was magnificent; the wonderful gold plate of Westminster Abbey was all on show for the occasion and massed on the high altar, with only two huge vases of flowers standing about 7 ft. high on each side. Candles were alight in the many brass candelabra hanging in the Sacristy, and tall candles burnt each side of the altar steps. Bright splashes of scarlet and gold were provided by His Majesty's Bodyguard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen at Arms under the command of Brig-General Harvey Kearsley. The vestments of the clergy were gorgeous.

The first procession to arrive were foreign

guests and members of the Royal family, who were escorted to their seats in the Sacristy and lantern by the Precentor in a cope of gold, and two minor canons in scarlet and gold. These guests, preceded by G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig and Capt. Sir Frank Spickernell, R.N., Gentlemen Ushers, included Earl and Countess Mountbatten, the former in naval uniform, and the latter in a long swathed dress of white jersey with an outstanding hat of paradise plumes, Prince and Princess René of Bourbon-Parma, Prince Michel of Bourbon-Parma, Prince George and Prince Flemming of Denmark, with Princess Axel, attractive and fair-haired Princess Elizabeth of Luxemburg, with her brother, Prince John, Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay and Lady Patricia Ramsay and their son, Capt. Alexander Ramsay, the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the latter wearing a long diamond necklace, Prince Tomislav and Prince Andre of Yugoslavia, the Earl of Harewood and the Hon.

Gerald Lascelles, both in khaki, the Marquess of Cambridge, with the Marchioness and Lady Tatiana Mountbatten, the Duchess of Beaufort, in blue velvet and a short blue-fox coat, wearing the most wonderful diamond corsage ornament, Lady Helena Gibbs, Lady May Abel Smith, with her children Richard, Elizabeth and Anne (her husband, Col. Henry Abel Smith, was in charge of, and riding with, the King's Escort of Household Cavalry), the Earl of Southesk and his son, Lord Carnegie, and Lady Katherine and Major Richard Brandram.

THE next procession was H.M. the Queen and Queen Mary, with foreign Royal guests and other members of the Royal family. This was headed by Rear-Admiral Sir Arthur Bromley and Lt.-Col. Henry de Satgé, Gentlemen Ushers, and behind the Vice-Chamberlain and the Treasurer of H.M. Household, Mr. Ernest Popplewell, M.P., and Mr. Arthur Pearson, M.P. H.M. the Queen of Spain, as

(Continued on page 296)



# *Jennifer* AT THE WEDDING (contd.)



The Queen of Greece and King Haakon of Norway driving back to the Palace after the service



The King of Denmark was one of the six kings who were in this country for the joyful occasion. He came to the throne in April



The Earl of Athlone, great-uncle of the bride, and Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain at the Abbey

## A GREAT ASSEMBLY OF KINGS AND QUEENS

beautiful as ever and wearing a long grey chiffon velvet dress, a hat trimmed with yellow ospreys and some magnificent pearls and diamonds, walked with the Earl of Athlone and the Countess of Athlone. Then came the Duchess of Kent, really beautiful in pink and silver brocade and several diamond necklaces worn in the old-fashioned choker fashion, and other lovely jewels; she was escorted by her elder son, the young Duke of Kent, who was wearing a kilt and stockings of the Royal Stuart tartan. The Duke of Gloucester, in khaki, walked with the Duchess of Gloucester, who looked very pretty in pale blue with diamonds. Next came Prince and Princess George of Greece with Princess Eugénie of Greece, the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, King Peter of Yugoslavia, with Queen Alexandra, who wore a scarlet Order on her emerald-green dress and a short black jacket; behind came Prince Charles, the Prince Regent of Belgium, with Queen Helen of Rumania and the Duchess of Aosta; then Princess Juliana, the Princess Regent of the Netherlands, with Prince Bernhard. They were followed by the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon, the Lord Steward, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, and the Master of the Horse, the Duke of Beaufort.

THEN came H.M. the Queen, looking charming in a long apricot-coloured dress and wearing the blue ribbon of the Garter, and her fine diamond band of the Order of the Garter, which has the motto "Honi soit qui mal y pense," worked in sapphires and which she wears above her left elbow, a fine diamond necklace and other lovely jewels. She walked up the long nave and choir with Princess Andrew of Greece, who looked charming in purple, with strings of lovely pearls; they were followed by H.M. Queen Mary, a regal figure in a blue and gold embossed velvet, with magnificent jewels, and her characteristic long umbrella. She was escorted by the tall King Haakon of Norway, in naval uniform.

Next came the Queen of the Hellenes, looking very pretty in a silver lamé dress and lovely jewels, walking with the young Kings of Rumania and Iraq. They were followed by the King and Queen of Denmark. Then came members of their Majesties' the Queen and Queen Mary's Households; firstly, the tall and stately Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, in a long violet-coloured dress and ablaze with family diamonds, with the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, then the Earl of Airlie walking with Viscountess Hambleden

and Lady Hyde, and behind the Dowager Countess of Airlie, escorted by Lord Claud Hamilton and Major Thomas Harvey.

The bridegroom arrived with his best man, the Marquess of Milford Haven, both in naval uniform, and on his way to take up his position awaiting the bride, he chatted informally with some of his friends.

AN impressive fanfare of trumpets heralded the bride's procession, headed by Lt.-Col. Sir Piers Legh and Sir Terence Nugent, the King's Scholars, the choir, minor canons, the canons' verger and the canons, followed by the Chapter Clerk with the tall High Steward of Westminster, the Earl of Halifax, and the High Bailiff of Westminster, the Rt. Hon. H. U. Willink, the Dean's Verger and the Dean of Westminster, the Very Rev. Alan Don.

Then came the bride, in her exquisite pearl-embroidered wedding dress with its beautifully embroidered net train and a tulle veil held in place by a diamond tiara, and round her neck two rows of pearls. She looked more radiant than any bride I have ever seen, walking slowly with H.M. the King, in naval uniform, to the singing of that lovely hymn, "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven." She was followed by her two pages, Prince Michael of Kent and Prince William of Gloucester, both in white shirts and lace jabots and kilts of Royal Stuart tartan, and behind them were the eight bridesmaids, headed by H.R.H. Princess Margaret and H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent, Lady Mary Cambridge, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lady Pamela Mountbatten, Lady Elizabeth Lambart, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon and the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone, wearing fairy-like, embroidered white net dresses, with satin and silver lamé wreaths of miniature wheat-sheaves, lilies and London Pride in their hair. Behind the bridesmaids came the bride's Ladies-in-Waiting, Lady Margaret Seymour in a long dress of green crêpe with a feathered hat, and Lady Margaret Egerton in a long dress of duck-egg blue and hat to match. Then her Royal Highness's secretary, Mr. John Colville, followed by members of H.M. the King's Household, Major Arthur Penn, Groom-in-Waiting, the Earl of Eldon, Lord-in-Waiting, Lt.-Cdr. Peter Ashmore, R.N., and W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, Equeries-in-Waiting.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH, like many brides, was nervous, but must have felt reassured and comforted by the kind and understanding smile the bridegroom gave her before he bowed to H.M. the King and took up his place beside her

## These Were Among the



For Countess Mountbatten, a very smart bolero dress by Molyneux

Made for Lady Mary Herbert in brown and silver-spotted lamé, by Bianca Mosca



The Marchioness of Linlithgow's black velvet suit and hat, made by Hartnell



Worn by Lady Fermoy, Bianca Mosca's deep red wine velvet dress



for the service. This was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury assisted by the Dean of Westminster and the Precentor of Westminster, and the address was given by the Archbishop of York. I was interested to see that when the King gave his daughter away he did quite definitely and solemnly take her hand and give it in marriage.

As the bride and bridegroom proceeded to the High Altar they were followed only by the two small pages who carried her train, and Princess Margaret who stood alone as still as a rock right through the service, while the King went and sat beside the Queen at his place in the Sacrament. At the conclusion of the service a fanfare was sounded and the National Anthem sung. During the signing of the register in the Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, the lovely anthem "Blessed be the God and Father," was sung.

Then another fanfare of trumpets and the first notes of Mendelssohn's Wedding March announced that the bride and bridegroom were coming. They appeared, as everyone who was present will always remember, a radiantly happy couple, as they first curtsied and bowed to Queen Mary and the King and Queen, and then slowly walked down the Abbey smiling to their friends on their way to the West door.

As they appeared outside the Abbey to drive away in the Glass Coach with an escort of Household Cavalry, the crowds which were watching from every window and massed on the pavements all round, cheered wildly. These scenes happened all along the route through Parliament Square, up Whitehall, through the South Side of Trafalgar Square, where there was a tremendous crowd, along the Mall which was packed with people on both sides, past the Victoria Monument, where there was the biggest crowd of all, and on into the gates of Buckingham Palace. They were followed by Their Majesties the King and Queen in the Irish Coach with another escort of Household Cavalry, a picturesque sight in their scarlet and blue full-dress uniforms; the bridesmaids, who returned to the Palace in pairs in royal cars, the two little pages in a car sitting one each side of the best man, and the rest of the Royal guests.

On their return to Buckingham Palace the Royal party first went straight up to the white-and-gold Throne Room on the first floor, where the King himself marshalled all

guests together for the waiting photographers. After this was over the Royal party went out on to the balcony, where they were cheered and cheered by the thousands and thousands assembled below. After several appearances they went in to lunch, which it was interesting to note was in complete contrast to the wedding feasts of years gone by. A simple meal of three courses—filet of sole, roast partridge and ice-cream. This took place in the ball-supper room with its lofty white-and-gold ceiling, its mirrored walls and crimson carpet.

The 150 guests, who included the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, sat at small round tables decorated with white carnations, with the King and Queen and the bride and bridegroom and other members of the Royal Family at a larger round table in the centre of the room. Princess Elizabeth cut the four-tiered wedding cake, which stood on an ornate table in front of one of the mirrors, with her husband's sword. Then the King proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, to which Prince Philip replied. After the cutting of the cake at Princess Elizabeth's special request four pipers from Balmoral came in and played Scottish tunes.



The two five-year-old pages, Prince Michael of Kent and Prince William of Gloucester, were well wrapped up as they left the Abbey

AFTER several appearances on the balcony in her wedding dress with her husband, Princess Elizabeth went to change. There was a wonderfully informal and homely scene at the end of this happy day when Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, wearing her misty-blue going-away coat and hat, and Prince Philip Duke of Edinburgh, left in an open carriage to drive to Waterloo to catch a train for the first part of their honeymoon at Broadlands, near Romsey, the home of Earl and Countess Mountbatten. The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, together with the bridesmaids and some of the guests, ran across the quadrangle at Buckingham Palace to get in front of the carriage as it slowed down at the central arch, so that they could shower the young couple with rose petals. Col. Henry Abel Smith, who in the morning had been in charge of the King's Escort of Household Cavalry and was still in his full-dress uniform, had already taken up his position at the archway with his mother-in-law, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Lady May Abel Smith, all with their hands full of rose petals.



The Queen of Denmark, who is a daughter of the Crown Prince of Sweden, was among the seven Queens present



King Michael of Rumania on his way to the Abbey. He came to London with his mother, Queen Helen



Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands drove in Queen Mary's procession

## Most Outstanding Fashions



For the Countess of Bessborough. Black wool suit by Hartnell



The Countess of Haddington wore an Angela Delange dress



Made for Lady Bra-bourne. Emerald-green velvet dress and matching bolero. Molyneux



Worn by the Marchioness of Caris-brooke. A velvet Hartnell dress

IN THEM EUROPE PAID  
ITS TRIBUTE



*Sanifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE festivities in the Royal Wedding week started with the first of the three afternoon parties the King and Queen gave at St. James's Palace to see the lovely wedding presents sent to Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten. Several thousand guests were interested to see inside this Palace.

When I came to the Throne Room, I noticed the magnificent portraits of George IV. by Lawrence, and on either side of him portraits of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert looking down on the scene, as guests crowded round the cases of exquisite jewellery displayed in front of the throne canopy. Here I saw the presents to Princess Elizabeth from the King and Queen, which include an exquisite ruby and diamond necklace, two rows of wonderful pearls, a diamond tiara and the most magnificent pair of diamond drop ear-rings in a very modern design with square-cut and baguette diamonds.

Next to these were gifts of jewellery from Queen Mary, all perfectly laid out on wine velvet stands, the most beautiful diamond tiara and enormous diamond corsage ornament, a small circlet of diamonds to wear in the hair, a large diamond bow brooch, a pair of large pearl stud ear-rings, a ruby and diamond bracelet, and two diamond bracelets. These all came from Queen Mary's own collection. In this case were the magnificent diamond tiara and necklace to match from the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the glorious ruby necklace set in gold, a present from the people of Burma.

OTHER gifts I saw here included a gold fob-watch from the Duchess of Kent, a gold vanity-case from the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the exquisite diamond watch on a diamond bracelet from the people of Switzerland, and a tiny gold snuff-box from the Ladies Elizabeth and Anne Cavendish.

It is impossible to describe more than a few pieces of the silver, but among the lovely gifts I noticed the fine canteen, Rat-tail pattern, together with four silver statuettes of Grenadiers, 1666, 1792, 1820 and 1935, a pair of silver candelabra, six silver menu-holders, and two silver grenade lighters from the Grenadier Guards to their Colonel-in-Chief, Princess Elizabeth.

Near by was a delightful silver asstray from General and Mrs. Eisenhower; a set of silver-gilt dinner plates, 1795, a two-handled silver loving-cup, 1720, a pair of large silver salvers, a candelabra and six candlesticks and a canteen of silver, the gift of the Government and people of Canada, who also sent the Princess a mink coat, which Mr. Mackenzie King had presented to her personally on the morning of the first party. There were three lovely eighteenth-century silver tea-caddies from Mr. and Mrs. Blevins Davis, of Missouri, and a delightful silver tea-set from the people of Sark.

There were some lovely gifts of china, and I especially liked the magnificent dinner service and dessert service from the officers and men serving in the Coldstream, Scots, Irish and Welsh Guards; the old Sèvres tea service from Lord and Lady Hillingdon, the dishes and tureen of eighteenth-century Chien-Lung Armonal porcelain from the Earl of Strathmore, the eighteenth-century white and gold Derby tea and coffee service from the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire, and the fine Sèvres tea-set from the people of France.

THERE were some very nice pieces of furniture which will be a great joy to the young couple in their new homes. The clergy and tenants at Sandringham have sent a Sheraton mirror and small bookstand. A large

and comfortable settee came from Princess Elizabeth's household and personal staff; the Earl and Countess of Halifax had sent a lovely Persian rug, and I saw a nice Sheraton side table from Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch. Lady Helen Seymour had joined with her son, the Marquess of Hertford, and given the Princess a very attractive table, while Lord Montagu of Beaulieu had chosen the useful present of a folding bed-table.

Other presents I noticed were the lovely mantilla and Spanish comb from the Duke of Alba, the newest Decola record-reproducer from the Marquess of Milford Haven, the picnic basket from Princess Margaret, the fine H.M.V. radio-gramophone from Sir Malcolm Sargent, two attractive sporting prints from Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh, and the lovely linen from the people of Northern Ireland.

During the Royal Wedding week the King and Queen gave two evening parties at Buckingham Palace. On the Monday night there was a small dance preceded by a dinner party, at which many visiting Royalty were present, together with members of our Royal family and personal friends of Their Majesties and the Princesses. Princess Elizabeth wore her Order of the Garter on her evening dress for the first time. These guests included the two lovely young Duchesses of Northumberland and Rutland with their husbands, Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma with Lady Pamela Mountbatten, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher with their two daughters and sons-in-law, the Hon. Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, the Ladies Elizabeth and Anne Cavendish, and the Ladies Mary, Elizabeth and Anne Lumley.

The dance was a gay and happy affair and went on until 4 a.m. The King's Piper, Pipe-Major MacDonald, played a reel during the evening, and for several of the young girls it must have recalled the days of their Girl Guide activities when they were children with Princess Elizabeth, as they danced in the music-room where Princess Elizabeth used to hold meetings of her company of Buckingham Palace Guides. Supper was served in the State dining-room, and guests sat out in the Picture Gallery, where hang a fine picture of George IV. and other Georges.

THE following night Their Majesties held an evening reception for over a thousand guests. This was the most glittering and impressive scene at Buckingham Palace since pre-war days. All the women guests wore their loveliest jewels and dresses. Although the men were not in Court dress, they wore their Orders and decorations on their evening dress. Amid this wonderful scene no one looked more beautiful than the Queen in her gorgeous satin crinoline gown embroidered in gold, on which she wore the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter; her jewels were superb, a magnificent diamond tiara, a lovely diamond necklace and bracelets, and above her elbow a wide diamond band of the Order of the Garter.

With the King, Her Majesty moved through the fine State reception rooms on the first floor talking to their guests. Princess Elizabeth looked radiantly happy and quite lovely, accompanied by Lt. Mountbatten. She was wearing again on her cream tulle evening dress the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter conferred on her by the King a few days previously, also the magnificent diamond necklace made from the twenty-one diamonds given her by the people of South Africa on her twenty-first birthday. Princess Margaret, vivacious and very



*The Marchioness of Salisbury with Mr. A. Duff Cooper and Lady Duff Cooper*



*The Duke and Duchess of Rutland. The Duke is the tenth holder of the title*



*Lord Woolton, chairman of the Conservative Central Office, and Lady Woolton*



*The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland chatting with Lady Astor*

**Some of the Guests.**



## SOCIAL JOURNAL (Continued)

pretty, wore a dress of white tulle embroidered in gold. Queen Mary was a Royal figure in gold brocade, with a little white ermine cape trimmed with ermine tails and a magnificent diamond tiara and other jewels, and the ribbon of the Garter. The Duchess of Gloucester was lovely in pale blue and diamonds, with the Duke of Gloucester.

Queen Ena of Spain looked charming in pearl brocade, with a wonderful emerald and diamond tiara and some of her other fine jewels. The Queen of Denmark looked lovely as, with her tall husband, she greeted many friends she had not seen since before the war; she also wore a magnificent tiara and some lovely jewels with her white evening dress. King Peter of Yugoslavia was with Queen Alexandra, who looked enchanting also in a white dress, with the scarlet ribbon of an Order across the bodice, a beautiful tiara and her exquisite long earrings and other lovely jewels. Princess Juliana wore some magnificent jewels with her green dress.

OTHER fine jewels were worn by the lovely Duchess of Buccleuch, including an exquisite diamond tiara and necklace with her white and silver brocade dress; her elder daughter, the Duchess of Northumberland, also looked quite lovely in a pale blue brocade dress and a huge diamond tiara and diamond necklace and other jewels which are historic family heirlooms of the Northumberland family.

Countess Mountbatten, who was in white and blue-shaded brocade with the colourful Order of St. John, wore a diamond tiara with a diamond necklace and clips and ear-rings to match, and looked lovely. Lady Brabourne wore the tiara her mother gave her on her marriage last year. Lady Pamela Mountbatten wore pale blue taffeta. Lady Piers Legh wore a diamond and sapphire tiara with her cream satin dress. Her daughter, the Countess of Kimberley, looked very pretty in a strapless dress made out of gold and blue brocade over 200 years old, and with it she wore a diamond necklace but no tiara. Lady Delamere, very pretty in white chiffon, also wore no tiara on her lovely auburn hair, but had a superb necklace of five rows of pearls and diamonds and some lovely diamond bracelets. Countess Eldon was another not wearing a tiara.

The Countess of Haddington looked quite exquisite in a white satin dress with a very full skirt, and an enormous tiara on her dark hair. Lady Gage looked lovely, too, in a wine-coloured dress and diamond tiara and necklace. The Marchioness of Linlithgow was very good-looking in butter-coloured satin with some lovely jewels and the badge of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, and Doreen Lady Brabourne wore some fine diamonds and emeralds.

OTHERS enjoying this historical occasion included the Duke of Alba, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher, the Marchioness of Milford Haven and her son the Marquess of Milford Haven, Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, both wearing Orders, Lord Justice Asquith and Lady Anne Asquith and their son and daughter Paul and Rose, the Hon. Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst, the Marchioness of Crewe, very good-looking in black velvet and a diamond tiara, Winifred, Duchess of Portland, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Cavendish, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott, very pretty in a pale-blue and oyster-coloured taffeta picture dress, Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort in black-and-white frilled lace, Lady Helena Gibbs, the Marchioness of Bath, the Hon. Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Guy Dawnay in black, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, the Earl and Countess of Cromer, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bevin, the Earl and Countess of Halifax, the latter looking charming in smoky blue and fine diamonds, Cardinal Griffin, a striking figure in scarlet, Lady Joanna Lambert, Lord Delamere, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and the Queen's Lady of the Bedchamber, Viscountess Hambleden, very handsome in white.



Sir Malcolm Sargent, Lord St. Just, the Hon. R. Beaumont and Viscountess Morpeth



The Marquess of Linlithgow, formerly Viceroy of India, and the Marchioness



The Countess of Brecknock leaving the Abbey after the wedding



Viscountess Gage, whose husband is a well-known figure in Sussex



The Dowager Lady Amphil and Lady Cynthia Colville, both of Queen Mary's Household



Mrs. Gubbay, Sir Osbert Sitwell, the author, and the Duchess of Buccleuch



Air Marshal Sir Roderick Hill, who is principal Air A.D.C. to the King, and Lady Hill



Lady Claude Hamilton, Mrs. Peter Townsend and Lady Hermione Buller

## Others Who Were in the Abbey





*The Irish Coach starts down the Mall on its way to the Abbey*



*Salute from the top of Admiralty Arch*

## THE BRIDE ARRIVES



*As the Princess steps from the coach, the King watches her with parental concern*





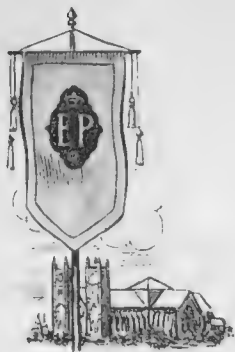
*A moment of historic dignity as the procession swings into Trafalgar Square*





THEN SHALL THE ARCHBISHOP JOIN THEIR RIGHT HANDS . . . . "I pronounce that they be Man and Wife together, In the Name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen"





# Priscilla in Paris

## Elisabeth et Philippe



WHEN the golden echo of Princess Elizabeth's wedding-bells reached us in Paris as we sat close to our wireless sets, breathlessly waiting to hear the broadcast of a ceremony that is as moving in a simple country church as it is amidst all the pageantry of Westminster Abbey, we were indeed convinced that—

... when the bells do chime  
'Tis angels' music.

For many weeks the Paris press eagerly reported all the news it could get of the wedding plans, with an amazing redundancy of detail. We had to take these announcements with many a pinch of salt. Despite strikes (the one that left us five days without scavengers to clear out the dustbins was the worst), despite the quarrels of a moribund Government, despite the soaring cost of existence and the ever-increasing insolence of the Black Market racketeers, there crept into every issue of the dailies as well as the weeklies—and usually on the front page—some little story or other about *Elisabeth et Philippe*. For thus they are affectionately called, without any prefix.

THE presents sent to the Princess have caused great excitement. Paris housewives are numb with envy. The Paris brides of the month are dreaming of her jewels, of her pink and white bedroom at Broadlands and the pastel-blue dressing-room, while the children try to imagine what the many wedding-cakes tasted like. I also heard a dear old soul wonder if *la petite Princesse* undid all the parcels herself, and whether *le beau Philippe* saved the string! My own maid wants to know whether the Princess, in person, will ever make use of the sewing-machine presented to her by the Clydebank townfolk, and I heard a small child, wrestling with her first knitting lesson, ask if Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret could knit. "Of course they can, *they've* been properly brought up," answered her elder sister, adding, however, with a disabused air, "but, of course, *they don't have to!*"

"What makes you wonder about knitting?" I asked. "Well," answered the bigger girl, "I've looked through the list in *Paris-Presse*. There's a bottle of salad oil, hot-water-bottle covers, alarm clocks, those funny hats that the *angliches* put over their tea-pots, handkerchiefs, and all sorts of things that people just like us might get, as well as all the grand things, but there doesn't seem to be a hint of knitting needles or wool anywhere."

By all accounts, the Sèvres dinner-service sent from France has been voted "dull" by those senders who have had no voice in the choosing of it. "Not the sort of design that one would want to eat herrings off," was one remark I heard; "the bones would get all mixed up with the pattern." This brought forth the suggestion that maybe Royalty don't eat herrings. "Why not?" was the somewhat truculent query, to which I hastily replied: "I'm quite sure they do... bones and all!" "Well, perhaps," conceded the Grumpy One, "but they probably have it *à la* something, with mustard sauce." "*Et puis après,*" exclaimed his wife, "do you eat tripe when it's

not *à la mode de Caen*?" Trust a Frenchwoman to have the last word... in the kitchen.

ONE may gather from all this that I listened closely to *Monsieur, Madame* and *Mademoiselle Tout-le-Monde*, or, in plain English, the Man in the Street: the ordinary, everyday male who strap-hangs in the Metro, who no longer wears hat or gloves, who cannot afford an evening paper as well as his usual daily, who is obliged to deal with the ruinous Black Market for certain necessities so that his wife and children remain fairly healthy, and he himself has the strength to carry on, who has to cut down on his cigarettes, his stamps for private letters, the holidays, theatres (even in the cheapest seats), and who can only go to the cinema in his own district.

Not an easy or very pleasant existence, but one that is lived by so many unknown civilians on both sides of the Channel. They are grand people. Hardworking, unselfishly helpful to

*Voilà!*

● Small boy, who has partaken not wisely but too well of the wedding-cake, to his mother, who is preparing to take him home: "Mummie, you may lift me... but don't bend me!"

each other, and proudly confident that some day things will right themselves. Over here these families nearly all have sons or brothers or husbands who were in England during the war, and in many such homes one finds pictures of the Princesses when they were children. Just as one can never realise that one's own children grow up, *Mesdames Tout-le-Monde* find it difficult to believe that *la petite Princesse* "has the age to marry herself," but having admitted the fact, they are now eager to marry off Princess Margaret as well.

THERE was a crowd every day at the Gare du Nord to watch the departure of the Golden Arrow, with its distinguished travellers. Discreet cheers went up for King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia. The Queen of Greece, Lady Diana and Mr. Duff Cooper, Lady Harvey, the wife of the new British Ambassador to Paris, and so many other well-known people were also recognised and greeted with a murmur of pleasure.

Many cheap—or shall I say "reasonably"

cheap—arrangements were made for 24-hour excursions between Paris and London for the middle classes. The queues were not very long, but it was lack of funds, and not lack of enthusiasm, that obliged people to remain at home. They rushed to see the news-reels, even in those cases where they had to pay Champs-Élysées prices.

THE Parisian fashion writers filled columns with descriptions of the lovely gowns that were made for the wedding guests living on this side of the Channel, and although practically all Her Majesty's and the Princesses' frocks were made from British goods, the silk merchants of Lyons are bursting with pride at having supplied some of the lovely silks that have been used and that were also to be found amidst the wedding gifts.

Marcel Rochas let me see the small-waisted, voluminous-skirted creation of ink-blue satin embroidered with black that he designed for Princess Jérôme Murat; the turquoise *moiré*, veiled with tulle, that was worn by the Comtesse André de Montesquieu; and the black velvet, slashed with jet-embroidered tulle, that was Mme. de Vuillaume's choice. Pierre Balmain fashioned an exquisitely draped and very 1880-ish frock for Princess Eugenie of Greece. Several weeks ago Jean Dessès, the famous young *couturier* of Greek birth, flew from Paris to Athens with his models, and suggested a wonderful dress of golden *mousseline* for the ceremony in the Abbey, a blue-and-silver evening gown, also a lovely, orchid-like creation in two shades of mauve, all of which were looked upon with favour. He flew there again for final fitting.

Gowns from Jean Patou, Raphael, and, of course, Christian Dior also crossed the water for the grand occasion, but these three *matrões de la mode* were very discreet about the names of the *grandes dames* who were to wear them. "*Que voulez vous?*" they say with an apologetic shrug when questioned. "One understands that it is a very delicate matter, but how *could* the ladies who live in Paris order and try on their frocks in London?" And Jacques Fath added, with a gay twinkle in his eye, "so we have done our poor best." It is a poor best that one would like to have for one's very best. Many shop windows in Paris have been displaying large photographs of Princess Elizabeth and her fiancé, decorated with British colours and surrounded by masses of flowers.

"She looks so happy!" was the general verdict. "She has such a happy smile!" I stood for quite a while in the Rue de la Paix watching the people stop and look at the portrait of the smiling couple in a big silver frame in the centre of one of Mappin and Webb's windows, and, as they gazed, even the glum faces broke into a smile of sympathy and pleasure.

France is the country of the *mariage de convenance*, but it can appreciate a love match when it sees one, and when the chimes rang out—even though we only heard them by wireless—after the ceremony that united Princess Elizabeth to her handsome sailor-husband, it was with heartfelt sincerity that the people of France cried: "*Vivent les mariés!*"



A Model of the State Coach in icing sugar was one of the most original presents received by Princess Elizabeth. Its maker and donor was M. Jean de Blieux, a Parisian innkeeper





Marcus Adams

*At the age of five the Princess's charm had completely won the nation's heart*



# PRINCESS ELIZABETH: GIRLHOOD—WOMANHOOD



Photographs  
by  
Studio LISA

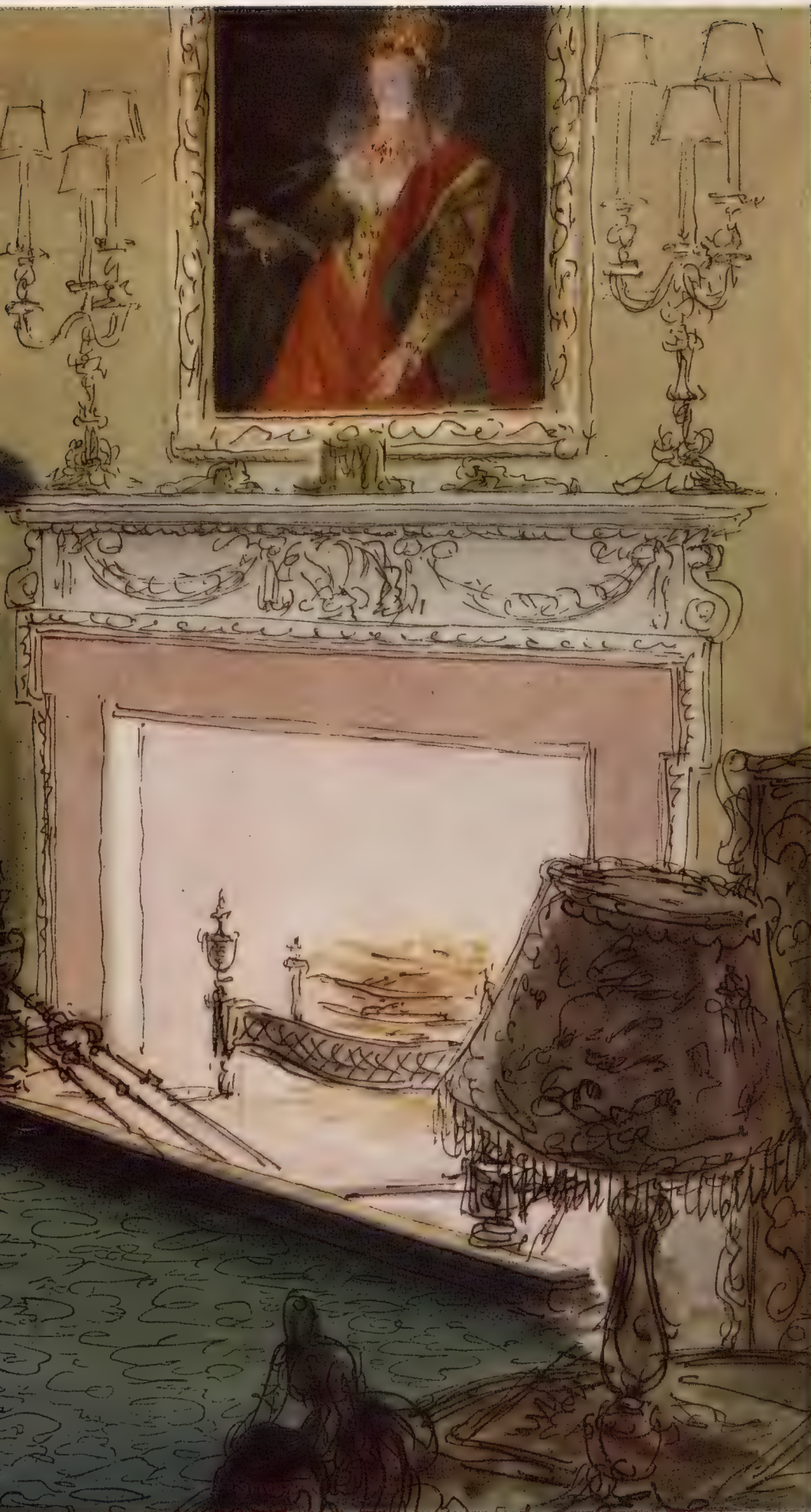


*Chiefly an Outdoor Girl, the Princess is seen in these characteristic pictures with one of her favourite dogs, with two ponies in Windsor Great Park and smiling under a wide-brimmed straw hat. Of her indoor activities one of the most widely known was her wartime participation in Christmas pantomimes with friends and Windsor children, and as Prince Charming she is here consulting with the producer on a doubtful point*









# INHERITORS

by

Eric

Earnshaw

WITH the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and her sailor bridegroom a new chapter opens in English history. For this young couple, who have so warmly endeared themselves to the hearts of their countrymen and women, the future holds many and heavy responsibilities: but we can be assured that they will meet these in a spirit which would have won the approval of the great makers of our nation and Empire. Here *The Tatler's* artist, Eric Earnshaw, represents them talking by that fireside which is the quiet centre of so much that has enriched our story, while from the wall a picture of the first Elizabeth, who so mightily endowed the name of Britain with power and influence, looks down with approval and confidence upon her latest heirs



# PHILIP MOUNTBATTEN: BOYHOOD—MANHOOD



*In his public appearances he displays the habit of reflection, of a judicial deliberation. In less formal circumstances his love of action is manifest, as in the picture below of him practising at the nets at his naval station at Kingsmoor, Corsham, Wilts*



**The Happy Child, the Serious Youth:**  
Above, on holiday at a French seaside resort at the age of four. Below, as captain of his school hockey team at Gordonstoun, Elgin, aged sixteen







Philip  
1927

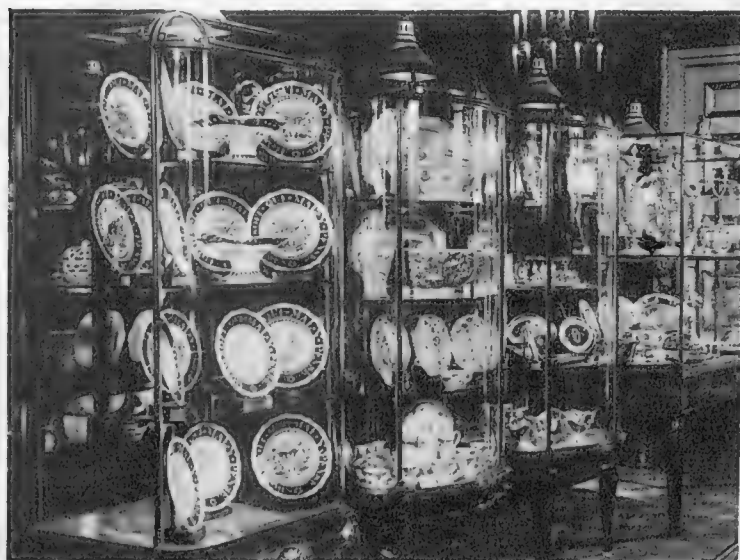
*The fair-haired child Prince, for whom a naval career had already been planned*



# THE PRESENTS THAT MAKE ST. JAMES'S A TREASURY



The pearl necklace is from the Queen, the diamond and ruby necklace from the King, the drop ear-rings from the King and Queen, and the tiara from Queen Mary. Below is the wrist-watch from the Swiss Federal Council, the diamond Russian-pattern necklace from the Lord Mayor and Aldermen and the heads of City institutions, a gold and ruby necklace from the people of Burma, a gold fob-watch from H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, and other gifts



Some of the china and silverware. The collection on the left, given by the Antique Dealers' Association, was made for the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.



The silver at the top includes two large salvers from the Civil and Foreign Services, while that below is a dinner service from the people of Gibraltar





*This array of presents is dominated by a pair of lamps made from Colebrookdale vases decorated with encrusted flowers and foliage, from the Girls' Friendly Association. A gift of Irish linen is also prominent*



*Among the furniture was a handsome Georgian bookcase from the Royal Family and an eighteenth-century knee-hole mahogany desk from the Girl Guides' Association*



*Wickerwork from the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, a refrigerator from the W.V.S., and a hand-painted chest and tea-set from the Polish Resettlement Corps were among these gifts*



*The magnificent glassware included a set of vases from the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, seen flanked by silver from the people of Newcastle (left) and rococo silver candlesticks from the Earl and Countess of Bessborough*







## FOR THE BRIDE.

A radiance of pearl and crystal embroidery enriches Norman Hartnell's wedding gown for H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth. Ivory satin gleams as a background to hand embroidery representing garlands of York roses entwined with ears of corn. Motifs of appliqué tulle outlined with pearl and crystal form a border for the billowing skirt, and a train of ethereal tulle splendidly embroidered falls from the shoulders under the cloudy folds of the veil. Shoes for the bride, above, are of ivory satin and for her attendants, left, in satin piped with silver kid.



## FOR THE BRIDESMAIDS.

Winterhalter gowns of diaphanous ivory silk tulle with softly moulded bodices foam from the waistline into a swirl of tulle scattered with clusters of syringa in appliqué satin embroidered with a motif which repeats that of the bridal train. A deep fichu of pearl-spotted tulle bordered with appliqué satin syringa swathes the shoulders



## Sabretache

# Pictures in the Fire

SOME who saw the old uniforms worn by the escort at Princess Elizabeth's wedding will wonder if they were ever really used in action, or whether they were something out of a fairy story; but they certainly were very much used up to and including Waterloo. Probably everyone will agree that the wearer is still entitled to say: "This tunic suits me well, this baldrick (and breastplate) better. Methinks I seem passing well in these toys!" Toys they may be to-day, for British cavalry never went into action in cuirasses after the defeat of Napoleon, but at the record cavalry fight in all history, Mars La Tour in the '70 war, this armour was quite popular with both the French and German heavies, and it survived in the French Cavalry of the Guard in the 1914-16 war—for a short time!

The Blues are the seniors of the Household Cavalry Regiments, and in [the Parliamentary Army were known as Colonel Unton Crook's Regiment of Horse. At the Restoration they were one of the Roundhead regiments incorporated in the Royal Army. They have been called the Horse Guards since 1687. In 1690, to distinguish them from the Dutch Horse Guards, brought over by Orange William, they were called the Oxford Blues, their colonel then being the Earl of Oxford.

The 1st Life Guards were raised by Charles II. in Holland in 1660 from Loyalist gentlemen who had fought in the Civil War, and, after the Battle of Worcester, had gone into exile with their Sovereign. On its formation the regiment was termed the 1st, or His Majesty's Own Troop of Guards. The 2nd Life Guards were originally the 3rd, or Duke of Albemarle's Troop, being renumbered the 2nd, or the Queen's Troop, on the death of Monck in 1670.

### "My Babu"

ANY owner has the right to do as he pleases with his own, but whether this is a better name than Lerins for a colt that might easily win the Derby, is open to discussion. It is, however, entirely the affair of the Gaekwar of Baroda. Our friend the Babu, usually a humble clerk claiming the distinction of "failed B.A.," has done so much to add to the gaiety of nations, and also lighten the white man's burden, that many others, besides myself, might be glad to see a colt named after him collect the Turf's highest distinction, but, these sentimental reasons apart, it is not a good name to add to the equine scroll of honour.

"My cousin brother is bad man, no doubt; before my face he is all esmile and grin like the Cheshire Cat in adage, *bart* behind my back he plays the higgledy-piggledy like the Sala." (A most uncomplimentary term); "Sir, Tiger is eating all native peoples (as per margin) please kindly send gun, for which I shall ever pray Your obedient servant, Babblegee." How affectionately we shall recall these and many more charming efforts by our friend the Babu. F. A. Anstey, who, so far as I know, was

never in India, produced a masterpiece in *A Bayard from Bengal*. It was absolutely true to type.

### "Triple Crown"

THIS is the title of an even better racing story than *Shrimp Harris*, which was all about a crack jockey, or *Brown Paper Twice*, all about steeplechasing, with the best pen-picture of the Grand National that has ever been produced. These, and some others, are all by Colonel Colin Davy, late 10th Hussars,

and raw colours which the modern scene demands; but the skill is so deft that they never look crude. You can use almost any language you like inside the covers of a book, but this is strictly forbidden in a newspaper. I wish it were not so in the present case, for it is the very essence of the modern picture which this author has caught so marvellously.

These two recent books, *Shrimp Harris* and *Triple Crown*, are much more than just good racing yarns: they are masterpieces of modern

painting. It would be quite unfair to tell the story of *Triple Crown* in detail, or to quote from it at length, for it would spoil it for the reader; but no one will be able to lay the book down after he has read even two pages. That is a great test. William Cordery, the central figure, does not win the triple crown with his flying filly, Right of Way, but he establishes her as the best thing on four legs of her age. After her defeat in the Leger, when all seems lost, he is able to keep her, his stud and other belongings, thanks to Magda, his very up-to-date daughter, who at first seems to have gone clean over the rails, but in the end turns out to be of the best stuff of which human beings are made. The book is beautifully printed and turned out by Messrs. Collins, a name which is the hallmark of good craftsmanship. I think anyone will be very lucky to be able to buy a copy.

### The Snow

THANK Heaven for the snow! This is most certainly what those in India who are so keenly anxious to prevent things slipping from bad to worse, are saying. The passes north, and, in fact, all round Gilgit will be so deep in it for the next three months that ground operations will be impossible, and so the risk of "incidents" reduced. Himalayan snow has to be seen to be believed. Some gentlemen from Swat, which is not far from Peshawar, have waltzed in, thrown the Kashmiri troops out and are now sitting pretty waiting for the next word.

Gilgit, being bang up against the Russian frontier, the question which must concern us in this country is: Upon whose side are the marauders batting? An irruption by a foreign Power on a Dominion is our "pidgin." It is a prickly question, and so much hangs upon the answer. It will interest a good many people to know what is going on behind the Hindu Kush, that famous range of hills. Anyhow, the snow will hold things up for a time—let us hope.

As this Kashmir attack has developed, it is obvious that it is a well-organised pincers movement with a pretty agile brain behind it. Pakistan has disavowed all complicity, and we are bound to accept that assurance. At first it was easy to believe that it was just a plunder raid, but now the picture has changed. Someone is out for something much bigger, and I should say that he has a better than an even-money chance of pulling it off. The snow puts only a temporary brake on it.



Fennell, Dublin

*The Eight-Months-Old Filly Foal which the Aga Khan presented to Princess Elizabeth on her wedding. The foal is by Turkhan out of the Hyperion mare Hagia, and is seen with Miss Alison Milne at the Aga Khan's Sheshoon Stud at The Curragh, Co. Kildare, where she will remain until arrangements can be made to train her in England. Her sire won the 1940 St. Leger and was second to Pont L'Évêque in the wartime Derby run at Newmarket in the same year*

and originally 20th Hussars, a first-class G.R. between the flags, and as a side-line an amateur boxing champion at his weight. The pen always had a great allure for him even before he laid down the sword, and now that circumstances have permitted him to relinquish the latter weapon he has again taken up the former.

Colonel Davy has been likened to the late Nat Gould. That, in my opinion, is not a fair parallel, for he is streets in front of him, both in literary talent and capacity to tell a good story well. He is a great master of atmosphere, and not the least bit afraid of using the daring







Decorations by Wysard

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

# Standing By ...

WITH Lord Killanin's permission (hiya, *chraoibhin*!) we hasten to spread the news that down in Kilkenny they have discovered the hideout of the Pooka, most aged of the hierarchy of Irish fairies; a charming little place called *Cúirt-an-Phúca*, the Pooka's Palace, rechristened by the Anglo-Saxon "Johnstown."

The Pooka is one of the three personages in Ireland entitled to place "The" before his name, the other two being The Devil and The Macgillicuddy of the Reeks, unless it's cross-eyed we are with confusion. At Samhain (November 1) he runs a bit wild, they say. At all other times he is just a nice clean old man; than which, as Buck Mulligan observes in *Ulysses*, there is nothing nicer. In fact, the Shaw of Fairyland and a friend to all decent civil men, including that one who was spurned by the barmaid and roared his discontent to the stars of Heaven in the celebrated lines:

May she marry a ghost and bear him a kitten,  
and may  
The High King of Glory permit her to get the  
mange!

Would that all fairies were thus, we thought bitterly, the other evening in Shaftesbury Avenue. O *bhó!* O *chón* och! *Hubbuboo!* Uch! uch!

## Tantivy

READING about a recent Hunt Ball in the Shires, we wondered (as often before) why the horses are left out of Hunt Balls. You say they aren't. We say they are.

In that final wild gallop round the room which ends most Hunt Balls a horse between every couple would add 50 per cent. to the gaiety, especially if it fell down. This was the custom in Arabia, if you recollect the Arab's Farewell to his Dying Steed:

My Beautiful! My Beautiful!  
They stamp upon thy face!  
Galumphing dowagers a-squeal,  
Who rollick as they roar "John Peel,"  
And mottled thrusters, mad with zeal,  
Leave marks on thee from toe and heel.  
It is a damned disgrace!

The Committee in due course allowed his owner a few *dinars* out of the Wire Fund. You say this was an Arab blood-horse, too highly-strung to attend Hunt Balls. We say the more

excitable the horse, the more it fits in with its surroundings; the heaving chests and bosoms, the cockeyed tiaras, the glistening brows, the damp collars, the poinsettias, the crimson pans, and the raging band. You say a horse might turn wicked and lash out. We say go take a brisk trot round the paddock, that would be the high spot of the evening.

## Oriente

THAT American citizen who lately divorced his bride because her dainty fiddle-faddling at mealtimes drove him crazy was probably married to a ghoul, like Hassan What's-his-Name, the citizen of Baghdad.

Hassan's bride likewise trifled genteelly with what the Food Ministry's yahoos would call her nutrition-intake, pecking one grain of rice at a time, like a South Kensington girl. Eventually Hassan discovered that she slipped out every midnight for a hearty meal of corpse-flesh in the local graveyard with other ghouls. A visiting dervish who happened to be in the drawing-room obliged with this quatrain:

If thou canst not bear a sting,  
Put not thy hand into the nest of the scorpion;  
I do not think Mrs. Hassan's conduct very nice,  
But I can't help laughing at the way she had thee,  
O brother, for a sucker.

To which Hassan replied:

O little lousy Uncle, thy words are sweet as roseleaf-jam;  
Oblige me by taking a running jump into the Tigris.

By this time the ghoul had disappeared (in which all husbands are not so fortunate). When Hassan told his friends about this strange incident they laughed, but not much. "You damned old pixy," they said, and changed the subject.

## Carmagnole

BARONESS ORCZY'S Scarlet Pimpernel, remarked the *Times* obituary kindly, provided the Race with "the pleasantest of innocent thrills," as indeed do most novels about the French Revolution. Their creators' handicaps is that the crude facts are more thrilling.

For example, a far more exciting figure than the Scarlet Pimpernel is the Baron de Géramb, who after a thousand daring adventures against the Reds ended his career as a Trappist. Another

is the great Breton guerilla Georges Cadoudal, who nearly kidnapped Napoleon. We're not "getting at" the booksies, we merely marvel sympathetically at the exhausting pains they take to achieve nothing very much. In this spirit of charity, after observing the worn and haggard features of a wellknown inky girl, we once composed a Lullaby for Four Voices you might like to hear:

Sleep, dear Miss Wagthorpe; take surcease from labour,  
Angels flock round you in roseate ranks;  
Bell-sweet and faintly calls F-b-r to F-b-r,  
Dream-faces hover, each one a G-ll-ncz;  
Sleep, dear Miss Wagthorpe; around your divan  
Publishers kiss your incredible pan.  
Sleep!  
Though no glad morrow can alter your looks,  
Soon you'll be writing more terrible books;  
Sleep!

Wrung by tenderness and remorse, one can hardly refrain from laughing like a little mad thing.

## Rookery

BEFORE cleaning up Soho and Cable Street, E., the police might turn their attention (our Special Commissioner "Zouzou" suggests) to Harley Street, a plague-spot where overcrowding and squalor reign still unchecked.

"Zouzou" describes the street as "a real rookery, swarming with unkempt and desperate little specialists fighting like dogs over rich women's viscera." She especially singles out the following wellknown dives for police attention:

No. 240 A ("Lancet Looney's"). Indescribable.  
"356 ("The Glory-Hole"). Appalling.  
"267 ("Uncle Joe's"). Dantesque.

Two other places, known as "Tiny's" and "The Bismuth-Box," are pretty bad. In the latter place five neurologists (one titled) are camping out in the hall. At "Tiny's" there is pandemonium on four floors. At "Mother Midnight's" ten women doctors occupying one room, 6' by 8' by 6', fight and quarrel all day long, and the language is fearful. At "Paregoric Pete's" ...

Rich women's cries of terror and delight add to the confusion (concludes "Zouzou") and bunches of fresh neuroses are daily seen in every psychiatric buttonhole.



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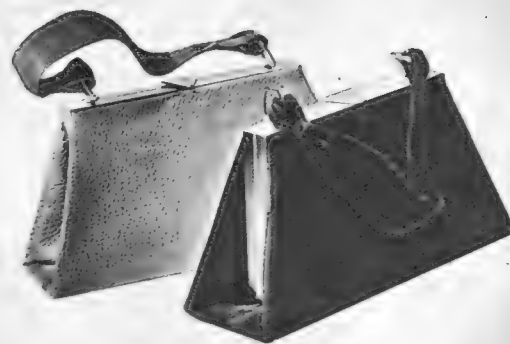
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## THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



*Russell — Parnell*

*Swanbe*

Major Derek Campbell Russell, R.E., only son of Mr. E. Campbell Russell (now of Seven Pines, Lynchburg, Virginia, U.S.A.), and of the late Mrs. Russell, married the Hon. Ann Bridget Parnell, fourth daughter of the late Lord Congleton, and the Hon. Mrs. Aldridge, of Minstead Lodge, Lyndhurst, Hants.

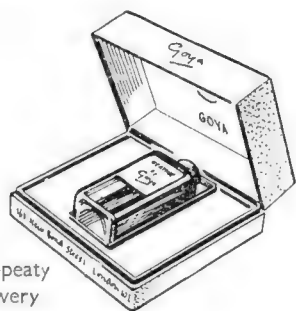


*Needham Cooper — Greig*

Capt. Joseph E. Needham Cooper, R.A., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Needham Cooper, of Danehurst, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, married Miss Jean Greig, younger daughter of G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig, K.B.E., C.V.O., and Lady Greig, of Thatched House Lodge, Richmond, Surrey, at St. Andrew's Church, Ham



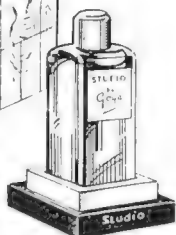
# PERFUME GIFTS



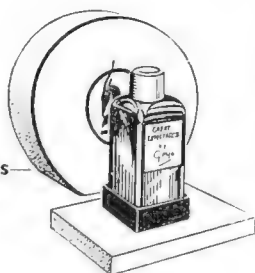
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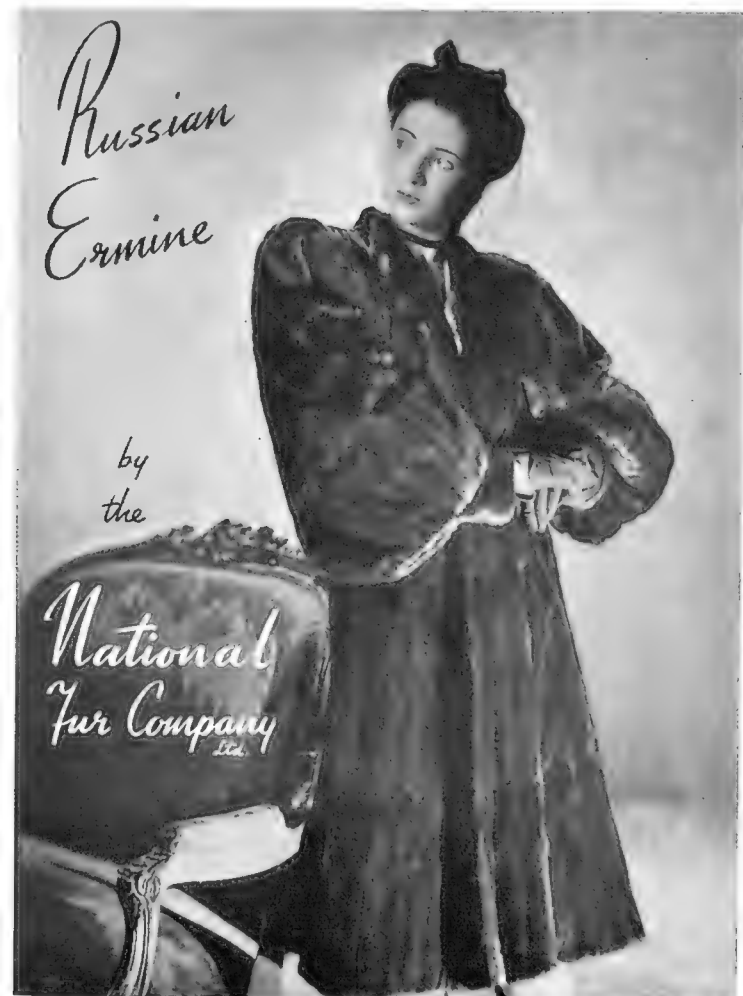
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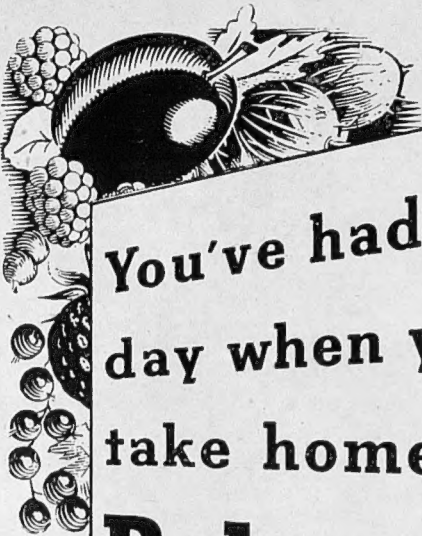
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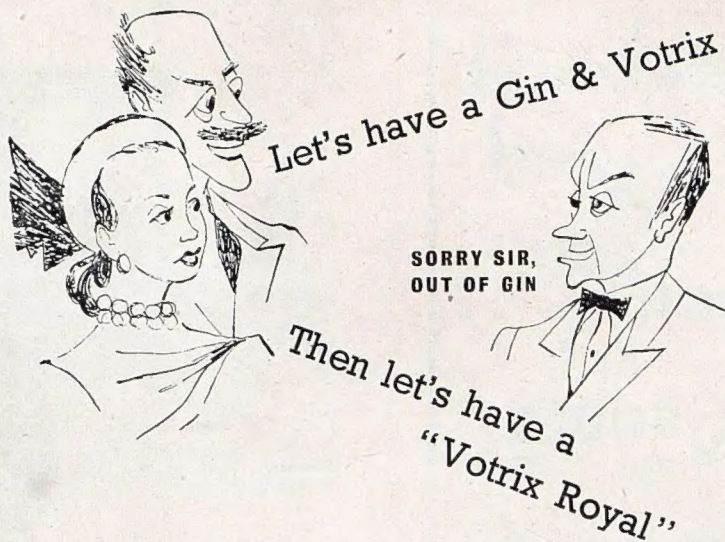
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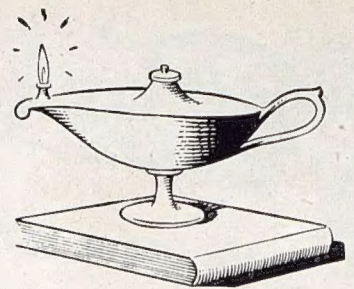
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Stir well, strain into a cocktail glass and squeeze a twist of lemon or orange peel on the drink.



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